Goe get you in, goe.
*Mis.Ford.* God saue me, see who yonder is,
Wee'l set her a worke in this businesse.
*Mis.Pa.* O shee'l serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter *Anne* Ime sure.
*Quic.* I forsooth that's my comming.
*Mis.Pa.* Come goe in with me. Come Mis. *Ford.*
*Mis.For.* I follow you, Mistresse *Page.*
*Exit Mi.Ford, Mi.Page, and Quickly.*
*For.* M. *Page*, did you heare what these fellows said.
*Pa.* Yes Master *Ford*, what of that sir?
*For.* Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
*Pag.* No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speake of enuy,
Then of any certainty they haue
Of any thing. And for the Knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrewd words,
Why let me beare the penalty of it.
*For.* Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
*Enter Host and Shallow.*
*Pa.* Heere comes my ramping Host of the Garter,
There's eyther licker in his head, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merrily. Now mine Host.
*Host.* God blesse you my bully rooks, God bles you.

Caualera



Caualera Iustice I say.
*Shal.* At hand mine host, at hand M. *Ford*, god den t'e
God den an twenty good M. *Page.*
I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.
*Host.* Tell him caualira Iustice; tell him bully rooke.
*Ford.* Mine Host of the Garter.
*Host.* What saies my bully rooke?
*Ford.* A word with you sir.
*Ford and the Host talkes.*
*Sh.* Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport shalbe
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hugh* are to fight,
My merry Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath appointed them
Contrary places. Harke in your eare.
*Host.* Hast thou no shute against my Knight,
My guest, my Caualera.
*For.* None I protest: But tell him
My name is *Brooke*, onely for a iest.
*Host.* Thy hand bully; thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
*Shal.* I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no iester, hee'l lay it on:
For though we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church-men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. *Page.*
*Page.* True Master *Shallow.*
*Shal.* It will be found so Master *Page.*
*Pa.* Master *Shallow*, you your selfe
Haue beene a great fighter,
Though now a man of peace.



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